

TURNING GRAY. Life's sands are running fast away. The buoyant step of youth has gone. The falling hair is turning gray. And time seems now to hurry on. More fleetly than in days of yore. Before the heart became his prey. Before he was saddened to the core. Before the hair was turning gray.

One Woman's Heart.

She was crocheting something out of soft scarlet and white wool. Her fingers were white as the wool. Milton Etheridge sat watching her, pretending to read the journal at the same time. She was looking very charming in her buff muslin dress, with pink ribbons at the throat, and looped back the brown hair.

Light sleeve dipped into the blaze. The flames leaped up—Milton sprang forward, caught her in his arms, and crushed out the fire. She was frightened, weak and dizzy with remembering what she had escaped, and for a moment she stood encircled by his arms, her head on his shoulder, her soft hair resting against his cheek. He pressed his lips passionately to hers—he would have told her then how dear she was to him, but something seemed to hold him back. He would wait until the excitement of her recent peril should be over.

"As Satan himself," "What if you knew that he was not false? that he was true to you always? That the contemptible letter which you read, purporting to have been written by him, was a vile forgery? What then?" She was looking at him in mute surprise. She drew a long breath.

The Squirrel and the Barkers. A German story thus illustrates the fact that no creature is so small to be of use, sooner or later: An apothecary had a tame squirrel, which he was in the frequent habit of regaling with nuts, and which he used to keep in his own private room adjoining his shop. The little fellow was allowed plenty of liberty, for the door of his cage was frequently left open, and he used to climb up doors and windows and spring thence upon his master's hand.

Capital and Labor. Ask any economist, and he will tell you that capital is the accumulation of past labor, intended to move or assist labor, and it is either a transient or permanent assistance, the former requiring constant renovation, the latter being an enduring character. Ask him what labor is, and he will tell you that it is the power which intelligence gives man over the properties of matter and life by which muscular effort can make matter useful. It will be added that this power which the laborer is able to exercise over matter may be either the direct action of the man, or may be indirectly exhibited upon certain inorganic and organic powers; in other words, that the workman may be plying his own muscles, or may be utilizing animal power, or be using steam, wind or any other natural motion which man is able to control and direct for his own ends.

Spanish Brigandage. Keeping along the eastern coast of Spain, our travelers visited Tarragona and Valencia. When Baron Duvillier first went over this route, some years previous to his trip with Dore, there were no railroad, and brigands were said to infest it. According to the tales of travelers, no one ever set out without preparing for some adventure, and those who lived to return, if they had not been actually attacked, had barely escaped, and could tell at least one tale of mysterious Spaniards, wrapped alike in their mantles and the gloom of the night, or disappearing suddenly bent on some deed of darkness, with their uplifted swords or daggers gleaming in the pale moonlight.

When to be Idle. There are undoubtedly seasons and periods when it is wise to wait—when it is not wise to commence an undertaking, great or small. There are studies which it is not worth a man's while to take up, pursuits which are not worth his while to follow, minutes and hours which it is not worth while to fill with an occupation. No doubt we have all our peculiar notions on this head. It does not seem to us worth while to read at dinner-time, or out of doors, or to set one's self to learn a language in recurring spare moments; these acts come under the same category of virtue of the old housewife's economy of time which makes her sit up in bed and knit stockings in the dark, or retreat her needle, to infinite expense of time and eyesight, to save an inch of cotton.

Historical Research About Fire. The Revue Scientifique prints a curious paper by Professor Joly, in which he inquires by whom, and when fire was first discovered. Alluding to the fable of Prometheus, he finds it of Indian origin. In the Vedas the god of fire, Agni, (compare with the Latin Ignis,) is concealed in a secret place where the god Maruts have forced him out, and makes him communicate the celestial fire to Manu, the first man, the very name of Prometheus is traceable to Vedas, and calls to mind the process employed by the ancient Brahmins to obtain the sacred fire. For this purpose they used a stick, called pramantha, which they ignited by friction. The prefix pra gives the idea of taking by force, a circumstance which strengthened the evidence afforded by the resemblance of that word to Prometheus. There are several ways of obtaining fire by friction, the most primitive one consisted in rubbing two pieces of dry wood against each other; but this was improved in course of time. A stick was made to slide very fast up and down in a groove; then came a "fire drill," consisting in a piece of wood having a cavity in which a stick was inserted,